
Title: The Travels of Fedoso
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The Travels of Fedoso

Part I

Volume 2

Fedoso landed, climbed the
hillside,
Kicking stones and
crushing shells;
His father's house in
vines was shrouded,
It soured and dropped a
grapehued brick.
The silent bones
enchorused sweetly--
Beauty in the shards of
life--
A boyhood image strong
as ramparts,
A secret stronghold quite
unchanged.
With rusty tools he
toiled and tilled;
Fedoso scraped up soil
and rock
And put to pasture goats
and grievance;
He prospered well upon
the land.
Then came the call of
peregrines,
And when the final sheaf
he tied,
He lit a fire on a knoll
To guide him far away
from home.

Through shadowed night he
travelled west
Among the chalky, viney
hills,
And past deserted towns
and fiefs
Crammed with buzzing,
silent crowds.
Searched he forests
north and west,
And many avenues he
tramped,
With many hermit-souls
conferred,
More than the leagues of

the Roman road.
These are their
murmurings intact,
These are the spirits of
their words,
This is the wagon-wheel
full-turned,
This is the engine of the
stars.